

A Deserved Epilogue by growup_thatbeautiful

Series: Rat King & Mullet Boi at College [2]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Billy and Steve basing major life decisions on competition, Established Relationship, Idiots in Love, M/M, Matchmakers El and Max, Proposings, Tons of cussing because i don't know how to write without it, Wedding, bad language

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Suzie (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Dustin Henderson/Suzie, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Steve and Billy have been dating for a year, living together for a year, and maybe it's time for them to take the next step.

1. Phenomenal Love

Author's Note:

- For [screamingsyral](#).

this is just random shit i wanted to write with them, and i promise it's not as angsty.

@screamingsyral, we have never talked or anything but you always leave nice comments that encourage me to write!! tyyyy

“Sweetheart, you know I love you. You mean so much to me,” Billy’s looking into Steve’s eyes, his gaze not wavering once. “I’m sorry.” Billy puts down the queen of spades, effectively giving Steve thirteen more points.

“Thanks, babe.” It’s game night, a year after they got together. Steve doesn’t remember how this started. He thinks Robin and her girlfriend, a new one, Sofia didn’t work out, came over one day and the power went out. They decided to play some games, having limited resources. It had been a lot of fun, so now they do it about once a month. Except now it’s with all of them, the kids and everyone. All crammed into Billy and Steve’s apartment.

Steve doesn’t feel so bad about his nice apartment anymore. It’s nice that he’s able to juse all of them, and it’s a nice “fuck you” to his parents to be living there with his boyfriend. Because that’s what Billy is now. Steve’s boyfriend.

After that night on the roof, Steve and Billy stopped dancing around their feelings. They stopped pretending that it was better for them to acknowledge that they probably should be together. Shared trauma and all that shit Steve doesn’t care about anymore.

Not that he’s forgotten or anything. No, you can’t just forget that stuff because you have someone by your side, but it is easier. He has Billy to talk to, and he doesn’t feel like a burden because Billy talks to him too sometimes.

Granted, not as much as Steve, but that's a personality thing, and something Steve knew about going into this.

So, yeah, now he was a monthly game night. And he cooks dinner for Billy when he comes home from baseball practice, and Billy cooks for him when he has late classes and they're an actual functioning couple. They fight, of course they do. They're both way to strong-headed and stubborn to not get into fights, but it's always about stupid things like Billy not folding his laundry the right way or Steve loading the dishwasher where it's "not effective," whatever the fuck that means.

Right now he's playing hearts against Billy, Mike, and El, all of whom are beating him because he's much too impulsive and he doesn't think enough about it. That's okay, he can destroy every single one of them at Mario Kart later, so he's not worrying.

El ends up winning when Steve reaches 100 points first. She only got 12 points the whole time, and Steve has to give her credit. She's really good at reading people's tells, which sucks because Steve is pretty sure his is super obvious, not that he knows what it is. That's what he's blaming his catastrophic loss at poker on earlier.

"Are you bozos going to finish your game anything soon or do Max and El need to speed that up as well?"

Ah, yes. The reason is that, if Steve and Billy get married or engaged at any point, they have to pay for a shopping trip and day out with Max and El. That fateful night on the roof had ended up being anything but fate.

Apparently Max and El had been masterminding the whole night, from pushing Billy to go over there and, the night before, refusing to answer Billy's question about classical music and insisting he call Steve instead. It hurts a little that Billy thinks his little sister and her best friends are cooler than him, but it's probably true anyway so it's not too bad.

Plus it's nice to have people who care enough about him to arrange that whole thing. Or at least friends who we're getting too annoyed with his almost constant moping and sad eyes, which, by the way, he

didn't even know about.

Another one of the perks of having a game night is he gets an excuse to banter back and forth with Billy, not that they need one. Everyone else thinks it's pretty annoying actually, the only ones that enjoy it is Billy and Steve. It gets competitive quickly, and according to the google docs that they're keeping on it Billy owes Steve a dog, his leather jacket (not that Steve hasn't already taken it), and a day where Steve gets to pick what Billy wears. Steve owes Billy a makeup tutorial that he doesn't know how to do, a day where he can't play with Billy's hair at all, and his firstborn child.

"As you all know, our last game of the night is the bowl game. Steve and Billy, since you are hosting us so generously you get to be captains. Steve, if you don't pick me first I'm leaving, that was not a joke." Steve would be scared if Robin didn't say that every time. And every single time Steve does pick either her or Dustiin first, even though they don't really work that well together and end up arguing the whole time.

The teams end up being Steve, Dustin, Robin, Lucas, Nancy, and El against Billy, Jonathan, Max, Mike, Dustin, and Will. Before they start Billy goes to get a bowl, motioning for Steve to follow him.

"I have an idea for what I get if I win."

"My hand in marriage?" Billy smiles, and Steve feels a flutter in his chest, wondering what Billy has planned for him.

"Not a bad idea, pretty boy. I've even got the ring and everything. What do ya say? Wanna play for your hand in marriage?"

"You're joking."

"Dead serious. I was going to ask you on that roof of ours, but this seems like it fits our spirit better."

"Fine, let's play. If you win, I'll marry you. If I win, you marry me," Steve replies, smirking at Billy's confused look.

"I don't understand."

“I might have a ring too.” It’s true. He thinks it’s amazing that they both were planning on proposing based on a bet.

“So we’re just competing for who gets to propose to the other.”

“Game on honey.”

2. Say Yes (I Know You Will)

Summary for the Chapter:

The game continues and a crazy wedding happens.

Notes for the Chapter:

last chapter of these guys!! thank you to everyone who's stayed with me throughout the slow and inconsistent updates

what am I to you?
because you're my amusement park smile,
my movie theater laugh,
my hushed library secrets.
am i your unaltered midnight grin,
staying up till we fall asleep in each other's arms
haphazard blankets and dreamy kisses.
early morning runs to the coffee shop,
we played different music
but danced together.
the floor was hard beneath my hand,
from where i slammed it,
disappointed at the world
at myself,
but never you.
you ask if i'm okay,
and compulsively say yes,
i'm fine,
but with you i can go back and say no.
maybe that's what love is.
is it worse to know i love you more?

“I can’t believe you couldn’t guess Leo.”

“You’ve got to have to be the worst player of the bowl game. Who the fuck says “He’s the only famous guy not in oceans 11.” Say

Titanic or Shutter Island, or even fucking Romeo + Juliet, goddamn.”

“You a big fan of Romeo + Juliet, Bill?”

“Fuck off, Henderson. Last time I checked your favorite movie was Clueless.”

“I stand by that choice. It’s an awesome movie.”

“Billy’s just salty because he’s losing whatever bet he has going on with Steve,” Nancy says.

“You’re not wrong.”

“So spill. What’s going on? What is it this time?” Steve looks at Billy, who shrugs. Steve knows that look on his face. It’s the one that says “Fuck if I know what to do. You’re the smart one.” Or at least that’s what Steve interprets it as.

“Actually, you guys might not be too disappointed with this one.”

“That’s doubtful.”

“Yeah, I don’t think you guys have it in you to not disappoint us.”

We’re trying to decide who gets to propose to who.”

Steve raised his eyebrows at Billy. His boyfriend isn’t usually the one to blurt things out like that.

“Shit, really? Steve, man, we have to win.”

“Thanks, Nance. It’s good to know that now it’s important for you to win.”

“I have an idea. Winning team gets to design the wedding. The whole thing.”

“Fuck yeah. I’m getting at least ten balloon arches.”

“Only if they’re rainbow.”

“Obviously, who do I look like to you? Max?”

“Careful, I’m not past breaking up with you again.”

“You wouldn’t.” Max smiles sweetly at him and flips him off. El snorts from her spot against the wall, a smile lighting her face.

“Of course you’d be classless enough to add a balloon arch. Even I know you would want the three-tiered cake and roses. Wait, what kind of flowers do you want?” Will directs his question towards the both of them.

“I couldn’t give a shit.”

“Who fucking cares.”

“Neither one of you gets to plan anything.”

“I consider that as a win.”

“Me too.”

“Glad we’re on the same page.”

“Let’s get to playing “ The game gets competitive quickly, both sides wanting to design the wedding, some to actually help and some to destroy. Billy and Steve are okay with either. It’s not like they have a dream wedding. They just want to be the one who proposes to the other, for no real reason other than a mutual competitive spirit.

By the last round, the teams are tied. They’re taking a break, everyone milling around, mostly in their respective couples, who are all trash-talking the other and revealing their horrendous plans for the wedding.

“So, Bill, are you ready to lose?”

“Pretty boy, I think your finger would look real pretty with my ring on it.”

“Yeah? Well, mine matches your eyes perfectly “

“Only you two would somehow have a compliment compilation about whose ring would look better,” chimes in Jonathan.

“If you ask me-“

“No one did.”

“Fuck off,” returns Robin cheerily. “If you ask me, you should both wear each other’s ring. You know, some stupid promise or other sappy shit like that. Be different, break the barriers.”

“Right, cause we really fit into that stereotypical gay baseball player and his dumbass hotass fiancé who are living on said dumbass’s parents money.”

“I don’t see why the dumbass part was necessary, but I like the point that was made.”

“It’s because you are a dumbass.” Everyone else, who Steve didn’t even know were a part of the conversation, chimes in their agreement.

“I’m not known to say no to a pretty ring, or a pretty guy like you, Stevie. Whadda you say?”

“Sure, sounds good to me. But we were totally about to kick your asses.”

“Who says the game is over? We still need to find out who we can sucker into planning our wedding.”

“Shit, you’re right. Everyone get back to playing now.”

They play for about an hour more, starting a new game when the first one ends in a tie. Unfortunately, so does the second one, so they all agree to just let everyone get a part of the wedding to plan, with no restrictions other than parents of the grooms are banned.

The weeks pass, and the wedding preparations are chaotic and catastrophic, which is just what Billy and Steve want. They don’t follow the rules or anything, and wake up together with the sunlight, wrapped in strong arms. They get ready as a pair, fixing each other’s ties with shaky hands. They’re just doing a wedding at their apartment. They walk out of their room hand in hand.

Steve wishes he could say it was beautiful, but it's honestly a mess. There's a huge green balloon arch in one corner, pink tulips on the hardwoods, glitter balls hanging from the ceiling, gaudy orange banners wrapped around the light fixtures. Billy and Steve can't help but laugh at the mess that is their wedding.

They told everyone that they could wear whatever they wanted, so that's also a mess. El is wearing a loose black short sleeved shirt tucked into a brightly patterned skirt, Max wearing the pattern opposite but with loose canvas pants. Jonathan and Nancy look more put together than the rest. Nancy is wearing a simple blue dress, matching Jonathan's blazer and black t-shirt. Mike, Will, and Dustin are all wearing basically what they wear every other day, and Robin is wearing what Steve assumes is a prom dress. He didn't expect anything less.

Dustin took a five minute course earlier so that he could officiate the ceremony and they wouldn't have to have anyone else do it. There's an instrumental version of My Way by Frank Sinatra playing in the background from one of their speakers.

Billy takes Steve's hand and they walk towards Dustin. They're not doing vows in front of everyone else, saving those for later tonight when they won't have to shed tears in the twilight with their friends. It's a quick ceremony, followed by a dinner with everyone, shoes thrown off, sitting on the floor.

Everyone leaves eventually, leaving Steve and Billy alone. Steve's tie is loose around his neck, Billy's shirt partially undone. They're sitting across from each other on the floor, leaning against the counters. It's time for the vows. Steve goes first.

"Hi." His voice is barely above a whisper, a soft smile on his face "Billy. My love. I never thought I would get this. I never, in my life, had the dream of waking up to the smell of burnt coffee and wet bacon. I never had any dreams about love, but I'm glad I didn't because they wouldn't compare to what I have now. We were both raised on nightmares, trapped for years, but I'm so fucking glad that I was because now I'm here and I'm safe and for maybe the first time I know what it means to love. I've seen how beautiful you are. I fucking love you."

Billy cups Steve's face in his hand. "Stevie, darling, love of my life. Marriage was always a point of oblivion for me. It seemed like something for people who didn't have anything better to do, people who were done trying to mean anything, but now I can see how wrong I was. It means so much to me that you're taking me as your own, that we're going to get through this together. I'm addicted to your smile, your dumbass hair. I can't get enough of you, Steve, and I'm doing nothing to stop it."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

Notes for the Chapter:

and it's done!